

ALCHEMICAL CONSPIRACY and the DEATH OF THE WEST

**An Introduction to James Shelby Downard's
King-Kill/33°**

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James Shelby Downard's study of Masonic symbolism in the Kennedy assassination is part of a larger theory he and the veteran conspiracy researcher William N. Grimstad have worked out within their *American Grand Guignol*.

It reaches back to the anonymous manifestos of the psycho-sexual Rosicrucians and out to the farthest boundaries of *America mystica*. It is not for nothing that the collective High Noon of the Western psyche, the first atomic bomb blast, was detonated within the full panoply of geomantic siting and sorcery at the Trinity Site, at the head of the old Mexican trail known as the *Jornada del muerto* or "Journey of death."

According to Downard and Grimstad, the first of three ultimate goals of the alchemists of lore was achieved at the Trinity site, in the nuclear detonation: "the creation and destruction of primordial matter." They see the American West and particularly the Southwest as a veritable alchemical crucible of death. Grimstad worked these ideas out in his seminal audio cassette series, *Sirius Rising*. He believes that the cryptocracy long ago noted the special features of the *genius loci* of the Southwest and like the writers Frank Norris and D.H. Lawrence, detected in its gigantic proportions, and its vast, bone-bleaching terrain, a kind of cosmic graveyard.

Norris wrote the darkest reply to White Manifest Destiny on this continent in his novel *McTeague*, which concludes with the ruddy WASP protagonist handcuffed to a dead man at ground zero in Death Valley. Lawrence was just as gloomy, asserting in *The Plumed Serpent* that America was "the great no," the total negation of the positive life forces exhibited on every other continent. Lawrence and Norris were not simply making cultural commentaries or jibing at political trends they didn't like. Their attack was specifically on the American spirit-of-place. In a pivotal closing scene in *McTeague*, Norris depicts the bumbling, well-intentioned honky eating his Last Supper next to a portrait of the local Masonic brotherhood.

Of course the traditional mystery schools of East and West have always taught that the planet, like human beings, has a subtle body and special sacred points where *Terra Mater's* chakras pour forth their unique attributes. Little attention, however, has been given to the summoning of these forces through precise sitings and geomantic ritual in the service of goals of mental and political control.

If ceremonies like the old Roman Catholic High Mass, the pageants of the European kings, the Incas and the Aztecs and even the Black Mass "imprint" percipients, when occurring in specially sited gothic cathedrals or blood-smoking pyramids, how much exponentially more potent are gigantic rituals played out upon the enormous body of the Earth Herself, linked by electronic means to a whole world and swathed in onomatology keyed into the sub-cellars of our Cthonic subconscious?

The camera in Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* sweeps tantalizingly over a copy of Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, a treatise which in part describes the primitive blood rites of the eternal pagan psychodrama's Killing of the King ceremony. Colonel Kurtz had reached that level of mythic force. JFK and his erotic wife epitomized that character on a far grander scale. Teetering on the brink of a duel with the Soviets with a nuclear-tipped Camelot sword, laying the groundwork for the third and final alchemical accomplishment in the moon flights, fornicating, doping, and assassinating in the tradition of the mighty king, JFK shimmered as no president before or since. Mr. Downard would suggest that the Masons gave Mr. Kennedy his immortality. He may not have left a beautiful corpse, but then neither did that other king, Mr. Elvis.

In the first two alchemical workings, the A-bomb world-shatter and the assassination of JFK, the script was played out on coordinates of 33. Thirty-three degrees of north parallel latitude that is, give or take a few miles. Yes, Jack too bought the bullet at the Triple Underpass, near the Trinity river and like the bomb, he went off near the 33rd degree line.

But the final alchemical-Masonic feat (in conjunction with the "Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden"), the bringing of *prima materia* (the moon rocks) to *prima terra*, a top priority of the Kennedy Camelot, was fated to take place on the 28th degree line. Twenty-eight is sacred to Saturn and it was the Saturn Five rocket that boosted the Masonic moon men (Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin were both top Masons with Aldrin bringing with him the two-headed eagle flag of the Knights Templar on the voyage and serving himself a special "communion" while on the lunar surface). They were carried to and from the moon to their orbiting spacecraft, by the Columbia landing module. Columbia, in Masonic twilight language, means "Phoenix." Mr. Grimstad pointed out in *Sirius Rising* that the image

of the new Masonic Phoenix born out of the fiery flight of the Columbia as it was jettisoned directly into the surface of the sun after accomplishing its moon visitation, would tax all the great poets of the past who marveled at those queer Rosicrucian allegories about the marriage of the sun and moon.

The groundwork for the moon flights was laid by Dr. John Whiteside Parsons, a brilliant rocket fuel researcher at the California Institute of Technology who had a lunar crater named in his honor. He also happened to be one of Aleister Crowley's more fanatical and literal followers. Crowley's *Ordo Templi Orientis* (O.T.O.) was devoted to the theory and practice of *magica sexualis* and what more mind-blowing fuck can anyone imagine than the one the Masonic astronauts accomplished between the sun and moon?

The O.T.O. established a temple on Palomar mountain, decades before supposedly "dispassionate scientists" chose it as the sight for the world's Big Eye on the universe. The O.T.O. believed that Palomar was the sexual chakra of the earth and Parsons apparently commuted between Palomar and his sex magick temples in Pasadena. In 1952 Parsons was blown up in what is officially described as an accident with rocket fuel but which others have said was a homunculus experiment that went bananas. A similar experiment centering on the animation of a homunculus (a tiny manikin much written about in medieval alchemy), was supposed to have taken place using the radiation produced during the first atomic bomb blast.

Charles Manson's "Family" executed Sharon Tate and friends only a few days after the Flight to the Moon and Mr. Grimstad has speculated that these were ritual killings intended as a kind of redressment for the defilement of the moon. The Zuni Indians, among others, viewed the moon flights with horror, and predicted that as a result of them this traditional guardian-deity of female fertility would bring plagues of sterility to the earth, or at least to Whites.

The notion that politicians, generals and scientists are as steeped in superstition as a Zuni Indian or a Charles Manson is no doubt tough to take for some. And therein may lie the power of this modern lunar mystery play, laid out in many of its details near Shakespeare, New Mexico, just as much planning for the Kennedy hit was done in the Storyville section of New Orleans.

A key city in all three scenarios was Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, and in the brilliant word-play of the Masonic Dr. Syntax, we come to the current unfoldment in "Must Be," an alchemic term Mr. Downard translates as "the Revelation of the Method." This alludes to the

process wherein murderous deeds and hair-raising conspiracies involving wars, revolutions, decapitations and every manner of horror-show are first buried beneath a cloak of secrecy and Harpocrates' hushed-finger, and then, when finally accomplished and secured, slowly revealed to the unsuspecting populace who watch in deep-frozen apathy as the hidden history is unveiled.

There are those who rise from time to time in an attempt to combat the scriptwriters and write scripts of their own. Christopher Marlowe was perhaps the most illustrious and *Doctor Faustus* the best example of counter-propaganda. Having lived, however, in the phase of alchemical secret-keeping, he died stabbed in the eye, having seen too much.

Perhaps we should let the alchemical script play itself out. It is inevitable. We might even help it along. Hurry it. When the final radioactive curtain drops at the Temple Mount in Jerusalem, it will destroy the old order, part of the world and most of the alchemists involved. Only having reached this "low bottom twelve" can we then begin anything genuinely revolutionary and new. I suggest that any force applied against the Script at this point simply powers it ever more. Face it: it has sewn up the *zeitgeist*. Maybe it is the *zeitgeist*, or maybe it's just more testimony to what Artaud called "the evil that underlies everything."

In the circulation of the Downard manuscripts (and he has written in detail, along with Mr. Grimstad, on almost every facet of this briefly outlined cosmic drollery), the revelation of the method is accomplished. Truth or consequences. Mr. Downard himself is acutely aware that in exposing the conspirators he is probably serving the final dictum—the "Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden" leading to Apocalypse.

James Shelby Downard lives as a recluse in one of the more God-forsaken precincts of the storied Southwest he has so impeccably demarcated. It is fitting that the cartographer of its underground currents resides there still, awaiting—like the rest of us—the cataclysmic fulfillment of all that the West has promised and signified. The precursor of this coming cataclysm jerked its head in Dallas on November 22, 1963. Ushering in a generation of throwaway Garbage Pail Kids for whom the image of the exploding head has become an all-pervasive yantra, the made-for-TV version of the sorcerous and eternal King-Kill/33 rite is a riddle several magnitudes above the pedestrian political solutions offered by mechanistic conspiracy researchers.



